

A bad memory

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-07-14 07:30:34

Updated: 2011-07-14 07:30:34

Packaged: 2016-04-26 12:48:04

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,436

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: one-shot. Hiccup once had a friend he loved as a brother, now his back in Berk, but something has changed; HE is changed... could he make this friend remember the good times they shared?

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_Yami Horus: This is something that came to me almost at midnightâ€| (last saturday) I hope you like it!

>P.S.: REMember, I own NOTHING but the OC. HTTYD (movie and book series) belongs to Cressida Crowel and DreamWorks
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"Have you ever known what is like to be alone? Do you have any idea how does it feel like? Have you?" He yelled in anger.

"Yes, I once did" he answered. "But it was because back then my heart, as many others, was blind" he smiled "Now, my correct answer is this: No, I have never been alone, I just have been silent"

"And you'll be silent again" interrupted the other. "this time forever. Now DIE!" The other closed his eyes, waiting for his long known friend: Death herself, who had been waiting for him since some years ago and also, once again, had decided to not show her face. He opened his eyes, and looked to his opponent. The other stopped his attack before reaching the objective. Hiccup sight in relief.

"Do you still want to kill me?" He asked. The other fell into his knees, then Hiccup moved towards him and knelt in front of

him.

"Hiccupâ€œ how did we end like this?" He asked; drown in tears "When did we start to hate each other? Whenâ€œ whenâ€œ" He continued with his voice completely broken. "When did I become this?" cried showing his face that was illuminated by the lightings outside the cave.

His face seemed to be still the same as when they were little kids, the same blonde mild-long hair tied on the back of his head, same bunch of hair in front of his face, and the same blue eyes, but there was somethingâ€œ different. The blue eyes he once knew full of smartness, knowledge and joy, now seemed to be covered in sorrow and resentment. He still had the scar in his forehead from their first hunting trip alone (on which they both fell from a stony cliff), but it was also possible to see the other scars he surely had during his errant lifeâ€œ

It's not easy to become an exiled one at the age of seven, neither to be treated as a stranger in your own village nor to be seen as a bad influence for the chief's son, as it is not easy to leave the only home you ever known and the only friend that you may never see again and say good bye forever. Some may have preferred took their own lives than live in that horrible way, others to go away, forget about everything they left behind, find a home and start a new life. But some others go and keep with them only one thing from their forbidden home: hope, the hope that a wanderer person has of coming back to his home as he once used to. However, the hope that keeps him alive even in the most desperate and dangerous situations is fragile and easily corruptible. This feeling may turn the memory of a childish discussion into an evil thought, a homesick good person into a murderer, the dreamy long waited reunion into a war, the friend one miss the most into an enemy and the love to his homeland into hate.

How did they come to this moment? All of this started for a foolish action from selfish adults, they were victims of the circumstances: a seven-year-old sharp tongued kid with who was the closest friend of the chief's son and seven-year-old tribe heir that always questioned the Viking traditions and lawsâ€œ there was nothing Hiccup could ever done to change his best friend's faith. In some point of his exile life, the memory of that moment turned that friend's heart into stone. Usually, the men's proud and stubbornness get tears and blood colored endings for these situations. But, fortunately, this was not the case.

They used to be friends, as close as brothers since they could crawl; they grew up together saying what they thought. But HE was special, when Hiccup was afraid of expressing his thoughts; HE was the one to yell what he could not say by himself (maybe it was normal for an orphan boy who wanted to be recognized for someoneâ€œ to feel himself part of something). When the other kids left him, HE stayed been his friend, until the day THOSE adults separated them. Hiccup could still remember when they took him to the port to ship him off, Hiccup tried to stop them but he was too small to really do something, he fell to the ground trying not to cry while HE was been carried awayâ€œ since then, Hiccup couldn't help but thought that had been his fault, so he stayed away of everyone. He preferred to remain quiet, so nobody else would suffer because of him, the loose of his valuable friend thought him that the most correct thing for him might have been supposed to be mute from the very start of his life, even when that was a child's

excuse to not admit how much he missed his friend. His silent made him sad, while his sadness made him lonely.

Now, they were here, in a new meeting. That was not the same Berk he had left behind one day, but that was the one he one called "friend", and that stormy afternoon and the inside of that cave were the witnesses of the accomplishment of their agreement: that morning after he arrived and found Hiccup outside the Main Hall he challenged him into a sword fight in the same place were their friendship started. At this moment, both of them were kneeled one with the sword already in its cover, the other put aside.

When men fight against each other, Death is present. When the adults fight mercy and forgiveness are missing. When people fight against each other, virtues are forgotten and violence leads. When children fight though, nothing but fun matters; because problems between children one day become forgotten memories that old men will remember one day to laugh about, because little kids always forgive.

They weren't the children they were once before, but they were not men yet. And, their friendship (As Hiccup thought since the beginning) never ended. Not even a second.

"You're aware that after this they won't let you come to the village anymore, right?" Hiccup said once the storm was over, and the sunset shown in the horizon.

"I amâ€| he sight "butâ€| look at the bright side! When we become old cranky men, we'll have a good story to tell to our grandkids" He made hiccup laugh.

"What are you going to do now?" Hiccup asked.

"Leave the islandâ€| again, but just until you become chief" He said looking at the distance "meanwhileâ€| I'd like to see what's beyond the Viking archipelago, visit Gaul, Romeâ€| even Greece, I've heard they love people who talks to the crowd for sport, I think they call them 'orators'" then he faced Hiccup "maybe at that time when I come back you'd teach me how to train a dragon"

"I will" Answered the brunet. The other Viking took the sword and turned to the outside but he stopped "By the wayâ€| " He started and turned again to Hiccup "I heard you and Astrid are a pairing nowâ€| "

"Yes... soâ€|?"

"So you better take care of my evil step sister, or the next time we meet I'll definitely kill you, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock The third!" Hiccup laughed again.

"No debt you're siblings" Said Hiccup.

"Remember me Hiccup, not at this moment, this is a really bad memory, actually I already wanting to forget all this happenedâ€|"

"You better not, or you'll want to kill me again" They both laughed.

"Then just remember this day like the day when I, Barker Loudword,

your best friend from childhood, the orphan adopted by the Hofferson family, the speaker of the tribe and your future step-brother in law came back. Just because I heard my best friend in the whole world became a dragon tamer"

"For short: this is the day my long lost friend Barker came to visit after a long journey" Barker chuckled.

"Yeahâ€|that's a way better memory"

**The
end.**

_Yami Horus: R&R Please!

>Oh! By the way... I post it first on my deviantart, so don't be surprised if you found it there! XP
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End
file.